

Gargoyle

Excerpt from rulebook

A stone skinned race of humanoids misconstrued as monsters. The Gargoyle when fully grown can be the equivalent of an almost impenetrable wall. It is their nature to guard and protect, whether it's being bound to a family, a town, an object, or even a single person, they will do everything within their power to follow these in well wishes as well as safety.

Quirks

Gargoyles can be short tempered and vengeful towards those that were hurt that which should be protected. They are however the most faithful of friends and make bonds for life. They tend to solve issues with martial prowess but show dedication to anything they take the time to learn. They should not be considered simple minded fighters.

Origins and culture

Though the origin of many races are shrouded by time and forgotten legends, the origin of the Gargoyles is no mystery. It all spans back a little more than a century. Karim and Zory were retiring after 40 years of service in the monster hunter guild. Karim was a master tracker and trapper. He would track their prey across any terrain for any distance. Zory was a master swordswoman. No man was her equal. Her two short swords were called Justice and Freedom because she brought those two things to any monster that deserved her judgment. Most of their years were spent together taking on monsters separately from the rest of the guild.

The guild came to them late in the fall. They had hunted down two of the strongest beasts they had ever faced. Gorgons were monsters with such a terrifying presence they would turn their victims to stone. Not all of the

rumors were true though. It wasn't catching their gaze that turned you, but their sting. It was slow and painful. One rumor still appears to be true though. They were sisters, and there were three of them. The fight against the three was bloody and many guild members were mortally wounded or turned to stone before the eyes of their friends. The guild worked feverishly on an antidote, but their men were too far gone. They wanted to ensure this fate never befell another person.

The new leaders came to Zory and Karim in desperation. Karim lead them on the hunt for the third sister. The monster could only travel by night but it was much faster than the guild. The hunt lasted into winter. Karim advised to let the monster go but his counterparts claimed they needed justice. The journey was quickly becoming too dangerous. Karim was right to fear for the worst. With its great speed advantage the last gorgon set upon them in the night. It was as cunning as it was fearsome. It separated the group with fire that it had made from alchemy. Karim was trapped with no way to get to the monster. Zory stood her ground and fought the sister as if she was a monster herself. Her counterparts fell around her. As the fire started to die, her footing slipped and the Gorgon got her tail around her. The stinger bit deep. The last Gorgon took Zory and fled. It wasn't as fast carrying another, but in the following hours the snow fell so fast that the world appeared to be covered in white curtains.

When they could finally start to track a week had passed. Karim had gone ahead. They found him in the snow with frostbite. He would never walk on his own again. His eyes were as keen as ever though. The Gorgon had doubled back towards its sisters. Two weeks to the day after they were ambushed, they caught up to the monster. As they approached, they saw Zory, one arm changed completely to stone but still attached to her sword. The stone had engulfed Justice as if it were part of her arm, and her opposite leg was now fixed to the ground. Though Karim wanted to order a charge into the monster's lair to save Zory on the spot, he knew they had no chance without the element of surprise.

When daylight came and the Gorgon was at its weakest, they snuck in and ambushed the monster. Despite their advantage, they were still outmatched. Karim's counterparts fought valiantly but they were no match for the Gorgon. Its tail was the fastest weapon they had seen save one. Karim saw an opening and hobbled to Zory's side. He pulled from his bag a vial of the cure they had worked on but never tested. He poured the vial down her half-stone throat, but the Gorgon had taken notice. Her tail came around and pierced him through the stomach. Mortal wounds from the tail acted the fastest. As she pulled the point of her tail away, black ooze turned to rock before Zory's eyes. She flexed in anger waiting for the stone parts of her body to crack and fall away. Instead she felt a strength. The stone softened, but something else was happening. She could feel her swords as if they were part of her. Then her leg came free and a new strength washed over her. Focus came over her and she leapt for the Gorgon. Her arms arched in front of her and the Gorgon's head rolled. She landed amongst the dead and wounded. Twelve of her friends and her mate laid at her feet turning to stone. Karim called to her. She cried that she didn't want him to die, but he pulled vials from satchel. He opened and consumed one and before her eyes his skin turned grey and cracked. His muscles rippled as the stone over his skin gave way to a softer skin that would still block the strongest of blows. Those not wounded looked on in shock. Zory was not stopping for them. She offered the vials to those who would take it and when the sunset that day 14 Gargoyles stood amongst what was left of the monster hunter guild.

Zory stood amongst her brethren and claimed that even now she would bring Justice and Freedom wherever it was needed. The fourteen beings that were born that day took an oath of Justice and Peace. This call to defend others is something that we see even today in the Gargoyles amongst us. It is in their blood. Not all are the same and some have even tended towards evil, but there will always be another Gargoyle to stand

in there way and live on the traditions that were started that day in Gorgon's Hollow.

Being so young, Gargoyles don't have many traditions. There aren't many of them so when they meet another they enjoy a group hunt. Despite their ferocity, most do not enjoy unnecessary death and look to defend when they can. Gargoyles also tend to be students of combat and skills. The curse of their cure restricts them from using magic and limits their hand dexterity. Many have been known to study tactics, tracking, or any scholarly knowledge that will help them be more well-rounded combatants.